



## **Daily Dose of Henry Bowers** by **crystalpistolofficial**

**Category:** IT

**Genre:** Angst, Romance

**Language:** English

**Status:** In-Progress

**Published:** 2019-10-03 10:40:24

**Updated:** 2019-10-03 10:40:24

**Packaged:** 2019-12-12 05:30:43

**Rating:** M

**Chapters:** 1

**Words:** 537

**Publisher:** [www.fanfiction.net](http://www.fanfiction.net)

**Summary:** A bunch of oneshots and imagines.

## Daily Dose of Henry Bowers

*Imagine: Henry crushing on you, the newest addition to the Losers' Club.*

"I'm winnin'," you smirked and began dancing on the spot, shoes slapping the cold floor of the arcade. Richie groaned, "Shut up, no you're not!"

Tap tap *tap tap tap tap* - "Yes I am - "

"No!" Richie screeched like a banshee, hands frantic and eyes wide, colours reflecting off his glasses. "Yes! Yes!" People began to gather behind the two of you and disperse into two sides, team Richie and team Y/N. From outside the building and peering in through the front window, a certain group lurked like animals.

Henry was passing with the rest of his boys when he heard Richie Tozier screaming like a little bitch and just had to investigate, when he saw you by his side. Who the fuck?

Your hair was pin-straight and black as coal with skin that was so pale it almost reflected light like a disco ball. You wore a black band tee that was knotted at the hip and high-waist denim shorts with dirty, scuffed sneakers.

"Player one wins!" The machine announced and you threw your hands up, *"I am the greatest man alive!"* Richie headbutted the machine and moaned, head hanging in shame. "C'mon, dork, let's get a drink."

Leaving the group behind in the arcade, you didn't recognise the town antagonists by the entrance and passed right on by with a kind smile. "Actually, let's go kidnap Eddie."

"Can't, his mom's got him convinced he has Lupis." Richie adjusted his glasses anxiously, feeling the presence of the gang behind you both. He didn't look over his shoulder, but he did pick up the pace. "She's such a whack job." You snorted, skipping down the sidewalk nonchalantly.

"Tell me about it. I can't wait for the day she croaks." The boy joked

and you gasped, "*Richie!*"

"I'm kidding!" Just as you were about to reprimand Richie's horrible comment, the poor boy was yanked by the backpack. You instantly turned, ready to start screaming. "Hey! What's wrong with you?!" You glared at the four teens that all had their hands on your friend - who currently looked traumatised.

"Nothin' wrong with me," Henry stepped forward into the sunlight and you took in the details of his face. "But there's definitely something wrong with you, if you're hangin' out with this queer."

Your heart stopped. "Excuse me?" You blinked, voice barely there. Henry's gaze fell low and you suddenly felt intimidated, looking back at Richie and contemplating what to do. Cars passed and not a single person intervened, despite how clear the gang's intentions were. They were looking for trouble and you didn't want to give it to them.

"Just leave us alone. Who even are you, anyway?" Your shoulder collided with his but he didn't budge. Richie broke away from the other three and practically fell into you. "Nevermind. I don't care."

You threw an arm over Richie's shoulder and pulled him in close, giving one final glance to the mullet-wearing boy in the ratty clothes. He crossed his arms and glared at the two of you as you disappeared down the street.

"Damn." Patrick whistled, "Feisty."

Henry nodded slowly, "I like that."